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## *Soviet Aid That's the Cat's Meow*

By WALTER WALDMAN

NEW YORK—There has been a carefully hushed up security breach at the highrise residence of the 350 diplomats and families of the Soviet Mission to the United Nations. At least several penetrations have taken place despite a ring of steel bars and the vigilance of the round-the-clock New York Police Department guards, plus the constant surveillance by the Soviets' own K.G.B. agents stationed throughout the 11-acre compound.

The first report that the supposedly impregnable Soviet outpost in the Riverdale section of the Bronx had been violated came from an American neighbor whose house faces the compound across a narrow tree-lined street. My informant, who prefers to remain anonymous, says she saw a large, gray and white tomcat slip through the steel bars and make its way into the Soviet property. After a few moments, when the cat didn't return, the neighbor became curious and walked up to the fence to look for the animal.

There in a clearing, she saw the cat sitting docilely surrounded by a group of Russian children, who were taking turns petting it; they called it "Volya." Since the Russians are not allowed to keep pets on their premises, this was obviously quite a treat. Russians, like the English and Americans, are fond of cats and dogs, and a recent PBS documentary on the Russian Revolution ("Ten Days That Shook The World") shows Lenin holding a cat in his

arms while plotting the Bolshevik takeover.

Evidently the children had been expecting Volya, for they set down a container of food which he promptly attacked. It has been suggested that this offering was "Kitty Kasha," a popular brand of Russian cat food which must have been smuggled into the compound. Judging by the way he seemed to relish this meal, Volya obviously had no ideological or dietary qualms about accepting the handout.

As soon as the cat finished eating, he slipped back into American territory, where he joined several other cats which had gathered at a feeding station maintained by neighborhood ailurophiles. My informant is pleased to report that Volya showed commendable restraint by just watching the others eat.

Several days went by before the sharp-eyed lady was able to spot Volya again. This time, after going through the same routine, meeting with his young Russian benefactors and accepting their food, he went off in a different direction, leaving through the rear gate.

He was now observed heading very deliberately toward a house rumored to be the local headquarters of the C.I.A. Can we assume that Volya is an undercover agent, or should we just pussyfoot around that question?

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